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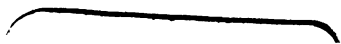
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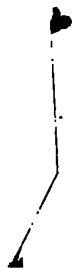


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**"FABLES" OF THE HOTEL  
PROFESSION  
AND  
POEMS OF "GOOD CHEER"**

**"FABLES" BY CHARLES MARTYN  
AND  
POEMS BY FRANK W. DOOLITTLE.**

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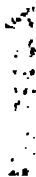
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## FABLES OF THE HOTEL PROFESSION.

Most cheerfully I concede to Mr. George Ade all credit as the originator of the "Modern Fable," but I plead "not guilty" to any charge of "unconscious assimilation," for the pencil sketches in this volume are from a little individual world whose inner workings are far removed from the ordinary walks of life. The intricate human machinery of the hotel business has fashioned a community of its own and, as such, evolves many a character and many a situation unique unto its environments.







## THE "FABLES" INDEXED.

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The Smart Bellboy.....	7
The Clerk with the Thirst for Glory.....	8
The Man who Would be Manager.....	12
The Steward with Ideas and Impatience.....	18
The Knocker.....	23
The Too Good-Hearted Steward.....	26
The Reform Steward.....	30
The Too Popular Clerk.....	32
The "Fussy" Proprietor.....	33
The Two Headwaiters.....	40
The Man who Knew It All.....	43
A Dream.....	45



*"Fables" of the Hotel Profess*

THE SMART BELLBOY.

Said a bell boy to himself, "There is no business nowadays unless you are pretty. I will show 'em what I can do in that line."

First off, he decided that he would not run with Stiffs who didn't know enough to part with a Coin. So he chasseyed around until he found Who was Who, and then he Fixed the bell case.

This gave him time to think up a scheme to get into the bar, and his Roll commenced to grow with Rapidity.

His next idea was a partnership with some girls and a consequent closer acquaintance with respectable drummers. Soon he was so shrewd he couldn't touch his idea of himself with a flag.

He became quite Well Known. He did a Private Detective work for jealous men and women. In fact he stood in with a lot of Good Things.

But One Sad Day he spied on a man who was very Harsh and Muscular, and the man Wolfed him and took him down to the Manager.

The Smart Aleck lost his position. His reputation is that he is a dangerous boy to have, and he has secured no decent job since.

*Moral:* Don't try to be Too slick.

## THE CLERK WITH THE THIRST FOR GLORY.


Smith was a pretty good Clerk in most respects, but he had an Itch for Glory. He would rather see his Name in Print than find a thousand dollars. So he always made friends with every newspaper reporter, and, whenever they Happened Around at lunch or dinner time, he never failed to tell them to drop in and Fill Up at the House's Expense, for he knew that in gratitude they would give him some little Mention whenever they got a chance, referring to him as "Mr. Smith, the Genial Clerk of the Grand Hotel," and making other Flattering Remarks about his Personal Appearance and his success with the Ladies. The newspaper men Jollied Him Along because, beside the dinners and other things in that line, they knew that they could rely on him to give them every scrap of information about the guests that they asked him for—he would have disobeyed the Great High Mogul's command for secrecy rather than Go Back on his Newspaper Friends.

*A splendid opportunity for Glory came along after he had been at the Grand for about six months. A little fire broke out in the kitchen, and as,*

the time, he was seated at a table in the rear of the dining room, he managed to get out to the scene of action just in time to help throw on the last bucket of water. Smith knew a chance for Glory when he saw one, and the papers next morning had Scare Heads of the fire, and eulogies to the Heroic Bravery of the Genial Clerk of the Grand. The proprietor was mad at the Exaggeration of the facts about the size of the fire, and the employees ridiculed the account of the Heroism, but the clerk didn't care. He cleared himself by saying that all Newspaper Men Exaggerated, that was their Business, and then he went out and bought fifty copies of each of the papers to send to his friends and relations all over the country. And the next day he gave the head-waiter the Wink, and he smuggled half a dozen reporters into the dining room and gave them a spread that would have frightened the proprietor if he hadn't been out of town that particular day.

After this, not even Senator Chauncey Depew could have worked the newspapers better than Smith did, and plain people sometimes wondered that such a prominent man should care to keep on working along for \$100 Per.

But a new reporter and quite a Small Incident brought about Smith's downfall. The reporter had been sent to Do some big improvements that were being made in the hotel, and Smith showed him everything, and told him all that he wanted to know in his most Genial Manner. He explained to him the Enormous Cost of the improvements "We" we



making and all the other things We expected to do, in such a convincing tone of enterprising proprietorship that the reporter, being Green, was very much Impressed. "By the way, Mr. Smith," he said, making some last memoranda before he left (after a big luncheon and a good cigar), "you're one of the proprietors, I presume?"

"No," replied Smith, modestly, "not Proprietor."

"Oh, I understand," returned the reporter; "if I put you down as manager, I shall hit it about right."

"Well—no, not exactly that either," said Smith; "to tell you the truth, Mr. De Scribe, I don't very much care to have my name in print. A man in my position, you know——"

Now, the reporter was a Green one, but he could write Good Copy, and he turned in quite an entertaining Story; not only of the hotel Improvements, but also of the political opinions on the Presidential Situation of that Well-Known Citizen and Far-Seeing Business Man, Mr. Smith, the Manager of the Grand Hotel. The Proof Reader was Napping and the City Editor failed to Catch the mistake in Mr. Smith's title, so the Story went in entire, with a Double Column Head, on the Front Page.

The Proprietor, who was also Manager, of the Grand Hotel read the Story next morning at breakfast. When he had finished his meal, he called the *Chief Clerk into his office* and said: "See here, Mr. Smith, I didn't say anything when you paid for newspaper personals about your own exclusive Geniality by bribing reporters with my luncheons and dinners. I

didn't say much when you Cornered all the credit of that little fire Episode. But I do think that as I pay the rent and the bills and do all the work of the management, you might, at least, allow me some credit for it. If you don't mind, I should like to be permitted to retain the title of Manager. What do you think about it?"

The Chief Clerk caught on, and now, though the papers still occasionally refer to him as the Genial Mr. Smith, he does not force his Geniality into such prominence as to obscure all the remainder of the establishment.





## THE MAN WHO WOULD BE MANAGER.

As he Philosophized, he wondered that he should be working so hard for so little money, while the manager got Four Thousand Plunks a year for Loafing Around in his Good Duds and putting in his time trying to look as though he knew it all. "Why, hang it," he would often remark, "I'd do all he does for half the money, and do it twice as well as he does it, too."

Now, it doesn't often happen that this kind of a man rises in the profession, for the longing for a Soft Snap is not a good substitute for ambitious hard work. But in this case it did happen that by luck he became Manager—and he spelled it with a big M.

He Chuckled with satisfaction as he seated himself in a comfortable chair in front of a desk with many pigeon holes, in a little Plate Glass Room marked "Manager's Office—Private." At last he had dropped into Something Good. No more Hard Work for him!

It was just as he had thought it would be. There was no one to say what he should or should not do. *He didn't turn out of bed till quite a Fashionable hour, and he enjoyed his Afternoon Drive very much. Of course, he Made his Rounds of inspection every morning, but then it was the easiest thing in the*

world to ask if "everything was going along all right"—it left plenty of time for the Taking It Easy part of the programme.

It seemed as though people considered it their special duty to make things pleasant for him. The most genial of all were the dealers who were looking for his business. They continually complimented him on the Push he had shown in getting to the Top of the Ladder and they made such an Impression on him that he made a change pretty near all round, although some of the older dealers had been handling the business of the house in *AI* shape for ten years. The steward and chef and head waiter were also most Respectful, and a good many of the guests (including, of course, those who owed a couple of weeks' board) would not hear of his refusing to join them in a High Ball or a Mamie Taylor. And the Newspaper Reporters wrote him up as the "new and Genial Boniface," and "Mine Host," and then they brought their sisters and their cousins and treated them to Dinner and Drinks—all Free, of course, for the Manager was delighted to be on such good terms with such Clever Fellows.

For just two days the Manager was happy, and then one or two of the species called Kickers happened along. There was one lady who was going to Bust Up the hotel socially if he wouldn't give her the New Moon served a la Financière, the same way She had always had it in every First-Class hotel she had ever been in. Then there was the man who would persist in swearing that there wasn't a d

cent drop of whiskey in the whole house, and telling everybody that such a condition of affairs wouldn't be tolerated for a moment in a town like Osholink, where He came from—no, sir, b'gosh! Then there were two twin Maidens of Certain Age who commenced kicking to him from the time he came down until he managed to slip away to go to sleep at night—and then they sometimes called him out of bed to settle another Outrageous Imposition that they had just discovered. These were a few and there were lots more like them.

Then the head waiter got into a quarrel with the chef, and the Manager only made matters worse when he tried to straighten it out. And just for good measure, there were a number of people who became disagreeably personal in their remarks when he told them very politely that he couldn't contribute to the Fund for the Relief of the Antediluvian Orphans or the collection for the Purchasing of Embroidered Handkerchiefs for the Destitute Inhabitants of the North Pole.

But all this was nothing to what a Dyspeptic Bachelor said one morning when he came down early and wanted a quick breakfast, to catch a 15-cent Excursion train, and was kept waiting for nearly 30 seconds. He kept on Talking till the Manager got so nervous that he scarcely knew what he was doing, *and at last, as much to relieve himself as anything else, he called up the chef and told him in pretty strong language that if he and his men weren't in the kitchen by 5:30 sharp every morning, he would*

know the reason why. But the chef, being Hot-Headed, retorted that he wasn't used to being Bully-ragged, and he guessed he would quit Right Then—and he did, and all his men went with him. Then the manager remembered that there was a big banquet coming off that night, and three others in the following week, and he Cussed some more.

While he was still saying bad things, the head waiter came up to tell him that a Reporter, who had run up a check for \$48 for himself and some theatrical friends, had told him that the "Manager knew him; that he was a Newspaper Reporter, and that the bill was All Right." Almost at the same time along came the head bartender, and he said that another Reporter had ordered a few magnums of champagne and didn't want to pay for them, as he "knew the Manager, and he was a Newspaper Reporter, and the bill was All Right." Then the Manager began to feel that he was being Imposed Upon, and being in a pretty bad temper already, he got Hopping Mad and ordered the head waiter and head bartender to tell the reporters to go to a Warm Place. One of the reporters paid and the other didn't, but both went out vowing vengeance.

It is no Picnic to try to get a good crew at a second's notice, and the Kitchen Staff that night was a fine collection of Hoboes. The guests at the regular dinner kicked, but it wasn't a circumstance to what happened at the banquet. Everything went *wrong* that could go wrong. The cooking was as bad as Hoboes could make it, and the delays were as

long as Arctic Nights. The two Reporters were there, and they Turned Handsprings, as they thought of the chance to indulge in a good Old-fashioned Roast.

The hotel got an awful Laying Out in the papers next day, and the Society which gave the banquet threatened to sue for damages and Money Obtained Under False Pretences.

The Manager got more nervous than ever, but as the new crew arrived in a day or two he rejoiced to think that his Troubles were over at last.

But they were not. That same afternoon the chief clerk told him that Count Bunco had Skipped, and that the hotel was Out a three weeks' board bill, and In a worthless check for \$150.

And that night a guest killed a woman and then Committed Suicide—and it happened that one of the two Reporters was around, and he discovered that the man was a well-known business man, and that the Woman was not his wife.

The report of the banquet was enough to kill the reputation of the establishment as a place for any important affair, but the report of the Murder and Suicide, and the Remarks that went with it, were such that no man would like to have his Firm know that he had stayed there.

Next day the owner of the hotel called on the Manager and said, "Mr. Brown, since you have *Taken Charge* the house has lost \$450 on dead beats, and bills are 50 per cent. higher than they used to be. You have discharged the best kitchen staff I ever

had, and you have handled the newspaper men so foolishly that it will take me years to entirely overcome the damage they have done to the reputation of the house. I should like to receive your resignation."

The Manager gave his resignation Gladly. He had learned that to be Manager is not merely to "loaf around in one's best clothes, trying to look as though one knows it all." One needs Infinite Patience, Good Judgment and Genuine Executive Ability.

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## THE STEWARD WITH IDEAS AND IMPATIENCE.

He had always had ideas of his own on how a place should be organized and conducted, and he was always thinking out some plan or other, and wondering if he would ever get a chance to put any of them into practice. While he was learning the business he was noted for the Close Attention he paid to his work, the Long Hours he put in and the fact that nothing seemed Too Much Trouble, but he was not Popular, for his companions didn't understand his being fonder of work than of the Races and Other Things, and those over him didn't feel quite sure of what sort of stuff he was made. Sometimes when he was told to do something or have something done, though he would go about it right away, he would do so with a sort of Impatient Air, as though he said to himself, "What a foolish, roundabout way of doing anything. One day I'll show them how I would manage it."

*In course of time his industry was rewarded, and he became a Steward himself. For two weeks he said nothing; he was Looking the Ground over and inwardly testing his theories. Then he had an Interview with the Manager and asked permission*

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change the Entire Staff and put in others whom he knew from having worked with, then to shift the working department entirely round, and to institute a new System of Checking, which he had himself devised. He argued the matter for a long time, but the Proprietor couldn't see it, and the Steward went back to the Store Room determined to keep on at him until he did. But the Proprietor didn't like changes of any kind, and finally he told the Steward that he Guessed What was Good Enough for every other first class house was good enough for him. The Steward pointed out all the advantages which he expected to derive from his New System, and at last, losing his temper, demanded what was the good of his using his brains if he were not to be allowed to put his ideas into action. The proprietor retorted with a Slighting Allusion to the Quality of the brains mentioned, and the consequence was that the steward left next day.

Soon he got another house, but the same thing happened again. The proprietor was afraid of the Expense that the Steward wanted to undertake, and the Steward said he wasn't going to keep on working along old fashioned lines when he could see how to get twice as good results with only half as much routine. Furthermore, he had thought out an Entirely Novel method of Advertising the house, and he again lost his Temper when the Proprietor refused to allow him to test it, and so he was for the second time out looking for a job.

It happened that, in spite of all this, he obtained another position quite as good as either of the other



but the same thing repeated itself. He was more than ever impatient to show what he could do with his Ideas, and he didn't stay longer than three weeks. And people began to shake their heads when his name was mentioned. "He'll never hold any job worth speaking of," they declared; "he's a good worker, certainly, but he's got wheels in his head."

And it looked as though they spoke truly, for, after trying hard for Something Better, he had to accept a position as Assistant Steward, where there was no chance at all for him to put any of his Ideas into practice.

A year later, though, he was promoted to the post of Chief Steward, and he stretched himself with the feeling of power and the Possibilities he saw ahead. Some of his friends, those who liked him, said: "He'll do all right this time, you'll see. He got some of those Ideas knocked out of him by his experience at the Grand and those other houses." But they soon found out that his Ideas were just as assertive as ever—more so, in fact, because he had had time to think up some more devices in Systematizing and Organizing. He had several long conversations with the manager, explaining his theories to him, frankly telling him that they had been the cause of his losing three good positions, but pleading and arguing for a chance to prove their value. The manager felt *very doubtful at first*—it meant the expenditure of a *Good Deal of money*, and almost a Revolution from the way *in which the house had always hitherto been conducted*, but he was impressed with the Stewari

earnestness and with the care with which he had worked out in theory every little detail, and he promised to consult the proprietors on the matter.

The steward waited anxiously for a few weeks, then the manager told him to Go Ahead and reorganize the place just the way he wanted it, put in his new checking system and set his advertising plans moving just as fast as he could get round to it.

There was a Changing About in that hotel that was greater than an earthquake could have made. It had always been considered a very fairly up-to-date establishment, and it had been conducted just about the same as the average first-class hotel, but the Steward couldn't have made more changes and alterations if he had been told to fashion a palace out of a dry goods store. Once or twice the manager felt a little Scared and wondered how it would all come out, but he kept his hands off and waited, while those people who didn't like the Steward prophesied that the bottom would drop right out of his Fine Theories before they had been working twenty-four hours.

But they did not! The new Checking System brought to light a leak that must have amounted to from, at least, \$2,000 to \$8,000 a year, the new Advertising Plans filled the house from top to bottom, and the Reorganization of the establishment made it easier for the staff to handle 500 guests than it had formerly been to care for 300; and later on, when the house had been doubled in size, and had become known as one of the best advertised, most profitable hotels in the country, and the steward (though st

called steward) was drawing a bigger salary than any manager in America, those who had jeered at his Ideas would point to the difference between their positions and his and talk of the Blamed Luck that some folks have.

*Moral.*—There are two morals to this story. First, because of his unreasoning impatience in his first positions, the Steward might never have obtained another chance to give full swing to his brains and executive ability. Second, because of their unwillingness to give careful consideration to the plans and ideas of a man who had for ten years devoted his whole energies to thinking and studying, three hotel proprietors passed by services that made the fourth a millionaire.



## THE KNOCKER.

"Damn that chef," said the Storeman, who was what is called a "Knocker." "I'll get even with him, see if I don't. Blamed Fool; what's it to him if I happen to like terrapin every day for lunch—it don't come out of his pocket, and I guess what I eat won't break the house this year. But you wait!" And the Storeman swelled up with a sense of retribution strong enough to wreck the universe.

He proceeded to Condole with the waiters that the chef was so Mean—if He were running the kitchen, you can Bet your Life he would see they came Pretty Close to getting what they wanted. It was their work that made the money for the House, anyway, wasn't it? If it weren't for them where would the Boss be?—so why shouldn't they have any Little Thing for themselves that they Happened to Fancy?

Then he got into Conversation with the Second. First he made sure that they were quite Alone—then he assumed a Mysterious Manner and told the Second to keep his Eyes Open; pretty soon he'd hear Something Drop or he (the storeman) was Very Much Mistaken. He wanted the Second to be ready to take advantage of the Opportunity that would come and he half closed one of his eyes as he told

him that he was putting an Oar in for him and, though others mightn't think it, he Pulled a Pretty Good Stroke with the Boss—"you wait and see" (wink number 2).

The steward was out when Smith, the butcher, came in to see if he couldn't get back the business that he had lost by sending Tough Goods. The storeman saw another good chance to do his great Knocking Act and he took out his Little Hammer and went to Work. He took the butcher by the Button-hole and told him Confidentially that he guessed his meats weren't any worse than Brown's, but "Brown, my boy (wink), Knows his Business better than you do—there ain't any less in the chef's pocket for the change in dealers, I can tell you!" And Smith went away, doing a good deal of Thinking and, a little later on, some Talking as well.

The Wicked always have Opportunities and the Storeman told the same thing so often that he almost came to Believe it Himself.

Next, he hinted to the Steward that the chef would Just as Lief have Two salaries as only One. And the steward, being Excitable, soon got Hot under the Collar.

So the waiters Cussed the Chef, and the Second got Rebellious and the steward was mad and the dealers were Talking. While the Storeman smiled Happily.

*Presently the Boss got Wind of the Condition of affairs. He called up the Steward and the Steward called up the Chef and there were many Hard Words*

and the Chef (who was honest to the Backbone) wanted to Resign. But the Boss was Cool-headed and he knew the Chef's good reputation, so he Refused to accept the resignation. Instead, he instituted an Investigation that was so searching that the committee of Lexow was to it but as a pinprick to the bite of a New Jersey mosquito. And he found out the Truth, and now that hotel runs as smoothly as an Automobile ought to. But the Storeman is still on his Uppers looking for a Job.

So perish all Knockers.



## THE TOO GOOD-HEARTED STEWARD.

The Good-hearted Steward had been brought up in a Hard School. The hotel where he had learned most of what he knew was run Profitably and Successfully, but the Chief Steward was a man of Small Mercy and Much Severity. Everybody had to Walk a Chalk Line or Get Out—there wasn't a single Soft Snap in the whole house. It was a Good School to learn in though, for the Severe Steward was a very clever man, and one of Thorough Experience. Young men didn't as a rule enjoy working for him, but other hotels were always glad to engage them after they had been there a few years—proprietors knew that they couldn't stay with the Severe Steward unless they knew, or learned, their business thoroughly.

Now the Good-hearted Steward had got on All Right with the Severe Steward, because he Worked Hard and used both brains And hands—but he was Sensitive to the Severe Treatment that some of his Co-workers received, and he said to himself, "*When I am Chief Steward of a place, I will do very differently. I will show people that it is possible to run a place Well and Keep Good Discipline, and yet treat everybody Pleasantly and Kindly.*"

After several years' Hard Work, he became Chief Steward of a fair-sized place, and he remembered his Determination.

For a While, everything went along O. K. Everybody kept on the Jump while they were Sizing Up the new steward. But one day, two weeks later, the back door Watchman was about Thirty Minutes Late. The steward called him to one side and asked him the reason. The Watchman said he had been Very Sick during the night and his wife hadn't liked to call him at the usual time, because he had only just managed to Get into his First Doze. The Steward said he was Very Sorry he hadn't been well and Hoped he felt better, and Let it Go at That.

Now it happened that the Watchman had been out on a Drunk and he laughed behind the Steward's back and called him Dead Easy.

It was a Curious Thing, but there soon Broke Out an Epidemic of Sickness, which gave a Great Deal of Trouble to the Steward. It seemed especially to affect its victims in the time of their Getting to Work in the morning and in making them want to leave a few minutes before Quitting Time. And the first day that everybody was particularly busy, three employes wanted to go off watch—one had Neuralgia, another one had to visit a Sick Relative and a third had to go and lie down, because he had Strained Himself at work the day before.

The Steward was Too Kind-hearted to refuse to let any one Visit a Sick Relative, and he sent a doctor to the man who had Strained Himself. He asked



the man with the Neuralgia if he couldn't go to the dentist during his Time Off, but it seemed that the dentist's office wasn't open then. So the Steward found himself Badly Handicapped in the midst of a Rush of Business. But he Buckled to and worked for four men himself and everything Went Off all right and nobody could have told the difference. But instead of his men appreciating his Humanity, they Made Fun of him because they knew that all the Sickness was only of the kind known as Fake.

"Sickness" increased, and the Steward worked himself nearly to death. He often went without eating, and he never slept more than five hours. But he kept himself up with the belief that things would Straighten Themselves Out somehow—it was only (he thought) a Coincidence that there should be so much sickness, etc., coming together at one time, and he kicked only against Fate that it should come just when there was so much to be done.

But things Got Worse instead of better, and at last the steward Caught On. He met the next "Invalid" with the statement that he had better get well Right Off and go back to work. The man was so Taken Aback that he got well before he had time to think about it.

Then he called up all those who had come in late that morning and asked them WHY? They all had Good Excuses, but he didn't seem to Take Much Stock in them, and he only remarked that if any one was late again he would make the time for coming on watch half an hour earlier, and if

that didn't work, some of them would have to look for New Jobs.

But it is no Easy Matter to suddenly change one's Policy. First off, they said, "The Old Man's got a Bug in his Ear this morning," and though for a little time they looked after their P's and Q's, they soon got as Lax as ever. They had got the idea that the Steward was Soft—but that was where they made a Big Mistake, for he was a man of Strong Character and plenty of Determination; the only trouble was that he had allowed his theory of Humanity to carry him so far that he had been Imposed on. And when he saw his Mistake, he Shut Down Hard.

He had a Peck of Trouble for a While, but after he had read the Riot Act to one or two and let it be generally known that if necessary he would make a Clean Sweep of the Whole Lot and put a new crew through the house, everybody settled down to Business and things moved along Swimmingly.

The Good-Natured Steward still has charge of the Back of that hotel, and People Say that he has one of the Best Run departments in the country. He is known to be Considerate in all his dealings with his staff, but his reputation is that it is Safer to put your head in a lion's mouth than to attempt to Impose upon him.

Too much "Heart" is as bad as none at all.

## THE REFORM STEWARD.

This steward was an Excellent man. He had labored hard and Perseveringly to acquire a good knowledge of the business. He was Moreover honest, clever, and possessed of Executive Ability—But he was afflicted with the Microbe of Reform.

For some Time he could not put his Theories into practice because his Bosses were so Conservative that they would not even consider any Important changes. They Raised his salary several times, because they knew his value, but they would not get out of their Rut (as he called it). They were making Good Money, and they were satisfied.

But one day this steward was offered a position at another hotel, with a three years' contract at a good salary. He accepted.

He was told to make any Improvements he considered necessary. He said he would Set About It Right Away.

He decided on the Spot that the dining room and the kitchen should be on the top floor. The proprietor Remarked that this would be quite Costly.

*But the steward brought forward so many good Reasons that the change was ordered to be Effected.*

*The next day he decided that new Ranges were Badly Needed.*

On the Third day he let the chef go and put in an Entire new crew.

On the Fourth day he changed Dealers and printers.

On the Fifth day he put in men Waiters instead of Women.

On the Sixth day he made Requisition for a new dining room Service.

On the Seventh day, the proprietor suggested that it would be well to let things run along without any more changes for a little While. But the Steward, urged on by the Reform Microbe, argued hard against becoming Fossilized.

The proprietor said, "Your arguments are very good, and I think myself that nearly all the Things you suggest would be very Nice to have, but the Business will not stand so much extra Expense. So let's Call the Transformation Scene off for a few days till Times look up a little."

But the Steward still argued, and got more and more Positive, and presently the proprietor told him he thought it Mighty Strange that a new man should want to teach him how to run a Hotel, when he had been making money at it for Twenty Years, and that he didn't Intend to turn his place Topsy Turvy to suit anybody's Ideas.

They quarreled for a bit, and then the steward accepted a Lump Sum instead of his contract and went away.

**MORAL**—Even after you are sure you are right, don't go ahead too fast.

## THE TOO POPULAR CLERK.

There is no Doubt about it. He was the most Popular clerk the House ever Ran Across.

He was a Wonder. He knew more Frenchy Tales than all the Rest of the Bunch Put Together, and he was a great friend of Roosevelt—and of Anyone else you could Mention. Mr. Roosevelt did not Correspond though.

The Prince of Wales never Visited Either, but a Raft of Other People were Acquainted with his Front name and Showed how Much they Thought of him by calling him Sport or Cully, Especially when they had a Check to Cash or When—On Account of Mail Delayed, or Good Thing On, My Boy (wink)—

An Unkind Man, who had Worked with the Popular Clerk Before, said he had once Cashed an Order for a Ferry Ride on the Nicaragua Canal. But of course that was Only Spite.

He was a great Encouragement to the Steward who was trying to Make an Economical Record, for he never Grew Tired of Having Brother Cullys to dinner and to Free Drinks. This caused Some People to Call him a Good Thing.

He did Draw Trade. Only the Trade was kind of Careless. And we all got tired of Carrying Bricks down to the Cellar for Gents who had come Two Hundred Miles to Stay Over a Few Days with Jim—not to speak of a Lot of pieces of Paper that look *Just like Checks and Drafts which the Old Man Sits Down to Pray at every Once in a While.*

*Jim was a Square Boy, but he was Just a Bit Too Popular.*

## THE "FUSSY" PROPRIETOR.

People who had never worked in the X Hotel wondered why they were always Changing Stewards. The house was a First Class one, the Proprietor paid good wages, believed in granting holidays, and was popularly called a Genial Man—yet it seemed that a good steward never stayed there more than three months.

Mr. Brown was an A1 steward. He had managed the Back Part of an excellent hotel for about nine years, and might have lived and died in it if the proprietor of the X Hotel had not offered him such good terms that he decided to go down there.

The proprietor greeted him very Nicely, and showed him around. The working department was not very well arranged (thought it was on the whole Passable), but his room and his office were pleasantly located and comfortably furnished, and the Proprietor told him that he could make any improvements he liked, and to take Right Hold and run things "the best way he knew how."

The steward felt very happy and congratulated himself on his new position. He said to himself that it wouldn't be his fault if he didn't make a Record good enough to surprise every one.

He settled down to work at once. He felt that he had no time to lose in Sizing Up his staff and ge

ting the Swing of things, for two big conventions were to be held in the town during the next week, and, in addition to a lot of guests, these would bring several banquets—all coming, too, in the regular busy season. The proprietor, though, was very willing to assist in Posting him—in fact, he was so willing that the steward considered him Fussy, but he attributed it to his desire to Help Out, and he counted on things straightening themselves in the natural course of events.

The afternoon after the steward's arrival, the Proprietor in the course of conversation suggested that a different Lay-out of the kitchen would make it better for working, and that if the store-room were moved over to the other side of the building it would be more convenient for the delivery of supplies. The steward agreed with him, but said he guessed he would wait until after the rush was over before Tearing the House up. The Proprietor seemed to want to have the reform made right away, but he did not Press the point.

The busy time struck the hotel like a cyclone. Politicians were piled three deep on the billiard table, commercial travelers lay in rows on the floor, and miscellaneous guests choked up the drain pipes. There were four big meals a day, a constant run of *a la carte* business and four or five luncheons and *banquets every twenty-four hours*. To make *matters still more congested*, one of the other big hotels *in the town burned down that night*, and their guests *also tried to cram themselves into the X*. The stew

ard had to work with a lot of extra New Help that was not as good as it might be, but he kept a Cool Head and a Firm Hand, and everything went along splendidly. But, though an outsider might think that the house was running along of its own account, the steward was putting in very little sleep. He knew that with the Green Help and the tremendous amount of business, it would be All Up if he once loosed his grasp on the situation.

Things might have continued smoothly to the end, but on the third day, when every one was up to his Eyes in business, the steward went into the banquet room, where tables were already set for three hundred covers, to find half a dozen waiters unfolding and refolding all the napkins. "The Boss said he had ordered them folded Mitre style, and he was going to have them that way." As they had nearly all been changed before he came into the room the steward said nothing, but he Whispered a few Cuss Words as he thought of the extra time that had been consumed just when every moment was of value. He met the proprietor coming up stairs: "Oh, Brown," he said, "those waiters of yours had got those napkins folded all wrong. I told you I wanted them folded Mitre style. I have had them fixed already, but you ought to keep your eyes open for that sort of thing." "I knew it," returned the steward, shortly, "but they were new men, and they made a mistake, and we are too busy just now to do things over twice, especially when the difference doesn't cut any particular ice, anyway."



The next day the proprietor came along in a great state of Excitement. "For goodness sake, come up here, Brown!" he exclaimed; "everything seems to be going wrong lately." The steward hurried after him, rather anxiously wondering what had happened. "See here," cried the proprietor, throwing open the door of the ordinary, "they are setting that committee dinner here instead of in No. 3. Now, I told Jones he could have No. 3, and I don't see why you couldn't have fixed it in that way in the first place without giving me all the trouble of running after you to set things straight."

The steward waited a moment to get a good grip on his temper, and then he answered quietly enough: "If you had told me that you had promised No. 3 to the committee, Mr. X, of course I could have fixed it; but as you did not, I gave them the best I could spare. All the other private rooms are full, and Mr. Van Hoven especially wanted No. 3, and he is paying ten dollars a head against the committee's two dollars and fifty. You must excuse me now, Mr. X, I've got to get back to the kitchen."

When he arrived there he found the chef about ready to quit. "For Heaven's sake, Brown," he said, "keep the boss out of the kitchen or I'll take the first train back to New York. He's been fussing around here until my men are about half crazy. A moment ago he happened to see Jack taking a moment's rest *and asked him 'if he didn't know that everybody else was busy to-day—why didn't he pitch in and help, too.'* Now, Jack comes pretty close to being the best

man I have, and he was here until 3 o'clock this morning fixing up stuff for the Burns crowd. I tell you I can't stand much more fooling around—during this week anyway."

The climax came next morning. The Steward was at his desk, half a dozen menus in front of him to be supervised, requisition lists to be O. K.'d, and people waiting to see him, six deep—when the Proprietor came in and sat down beside him. "Say, Brown," he commenced, "there are several little things I want to speak to you about. In the first place, I don't see why you haven't got the store-room and kitchen changed around the way I told you I wanted it. In the second place, I noticed this morning that four or five waiters came in several minutes late—why don't you get after Paul about it? And your market wagon needs painting up. Why don't you put one of the boys at it? It's a regular disgrace to the house—and—and other things about the yard don't look as spick and span as they might."

The steward felt that he had Got Enough. "See here, Mr. X," he said, "what is the good of your bothering me about all these little things? I know that the store-room might be shifted and the kitchen rearranged and that some of the waiters have been coming in a little late, and that the wagon needs painting. More than that, I know of a whole lot of other things that aren't just as they should be—I'll bet you I can pick out ten things that are being done *wrong* or might be altered, to every one that you can find. Yet I am not bothering about it, nor do I in-

tend to—yet. The trouble is that you don't realize the amount of business that we are doing, that every man is doing as much as two ordinarily would, and that the waiters you were speaking about are working, some of them, till all hours of the morning, and that, furthermore, they can't be spared off for even half an hour during the day. I don't care if every blessed thing in the back part of the house goes without even a dusting during the next ten days. I don't care if every waiter comes in ten minutes, fifteen minutes, or even half an hour late, or if the cooks put up a plush and satin lounge in the kitchen to rest themselves on, provided the guests are satisfied and every banquet goes off properly. I am as anxious as you are to have everything 'just so,' but this is not the time to bother about unnecessary details. Later on, I'll give you a hotel as nearly perfect as you can find one, but just now we have all that we can do, all that the men are physically capable of doing, without touching anything extra. Everything is going on as well as though we had only 250 instead of 890 people in the house, but if you go around bothering the help, they will get rattled and the whole place will be at sixes and sevens in no time. You must keep your hands off, Mr. X, or I shall refuse to do anything more. I don't intend to work twenty hours a day and have all my plans upset and all my work *spoiled for nothing.*"

*Now, the Proprietor had lost several stewards on account of this same Fussiness of his, but each one had left him no wiser than the one before, becau*

he had never been told in straight Plain Language where the trouble lay, and the revelation almost staggered him. His first impulse was to tell the steward that he could Quit right then if he wanted to. Instead, though, he recovered his temper, sat down again and said, quietly: "Let us talk this matter over, Mr. Brown."

\* \* \* \* \*

Brown is still steward at the X Hotel, and he and the proprietor are the best friends possible.

Moral—Fussiness is only a habit, but it is a very bad one, and it has been the cause of the failure of many a fine establishment. It doesn't do to bother a man about the fold of a napkin when his brain is busy directing a big, complicated establishment, running at full pressure.



## THE TWO HEADWAITERS.

Now, there were two Headwaiters, and both of them had determined to become Wealthy.

One was clever and Slick.

The other was clever and Honest.

The Slick headwaiter was a Great Card. He was out for the Stuff for fair, and he wasn't going to Pass Up any chances to Lay Hold of it.

It was a case of Divvy with his crew—if a man didn't Hand over half his tips, it wasn't Healthy for him to stay around. Then, too, as Commerce is an Excellent Thing, the Slick Headwaiter soon took a hand in it. He had a Fine Line of aprons and jackets and Whole Outfits. The Prices were a bit Steep, but what's the good of money if other people don't spend it?

Later on, he had a Lodging house, and he naturally charged a good big rent for the honor of his Society.

Another Smart Idea was a Little Arrangement with an Unscrupulous Employment Agency. It was quite profitable in the way of fees. If he had been an Official in the Orient he would have become a Shah or a Rajah or something of that sort in no time. *Of course, good men wouldn't stay with him, but he didn't Lose Any Sleep on that account.* The guests liked the Slick Headwaiter—that is,

the Tippers did. Those who Ponied up got the Earth and its Richness, and those who didn't, got—Left. The Tippers always had the best seats and the best waiter and the quickest service, and a lot of Good Things that cost the house more than they paid—but then the Headwaiter was after the Stuff—and what was he Working for Anyway? What in Helen did it matter if the Non-Tippers grumbled because they got the Draughty Seats and the Hot Corners and the Overdone Steak and the Cold Vegetables—Stiffs always did kick and always would!

The Headwaiter was Smooth enough to pull the Wool over the Boss's eyes for Quite a While, and he was fond of telling himself that he had got a Cinch. But one day the boss Caught On, and the Fall of that Headwaiter was more Sudden than a Kansas cyclone.

Then the Clever and Honest Headwaiter was given the Job. He hired good waiters and they Stayed with him, because he treated them right. He didn't try to sell Merchandise to them and he refused to Work them for employment fees, and what they made they could keep for themselves. And the guests were all treated well—the New Headwaiter wouldn't allow anyone to play any Favorites.

With this New Headwaiter, who was both Clever and Honest, the hotel became more popular than ever before. He always had some New Idea for improving the Service and the appearance of the dining room, and he saw that every dish that came on the Table was Attractive and Appetizing, and nobody

thought of giving a banquet without Consulting him about Everything and asking his Advice. Soon it came about that when any stranger asked the manager anything about dinners, or anything else in the Catering line, he would say, "Wait till I send for Paul—he's the man you want to see. He knows more about these things than all the rest of us put together."

And it happened one day that the Manager became Proprietor, and the first thing he did was to offer Paul the management at a salary that was bigger for one year than the Slick Headwaiter could have made with all his Extras in Five or Six.

Paul, who is as cool-headed and careful as ever, has Invested Wisely, and is well on the road to Wealth.

The Slick Headwaiter continues to Resign Positions, and Certain People wonder why such a Clever man has nothing to show for a lifetime in a Good Paying Profession.



## THE MAN WHO KNEW IT ALL.

He was the steward of the only Hotel in the town, and he knew he was a very Important man, because the butchers and grocers told him so. He was quite certain that he ran the hotel Better than it had ever been run before.

Some commercial travelers said it was a wonder that some bright business man didn't start a real live hotel in the town, and knock the old Fossil out of business. But of course that may just have been their ignorance.

The steward had been promoted two years before from the position of storekeeper, because his predecessor had died of Ossification. His employer did not think as much of him as he did of himself, but as he did not get drunk or burn down the hotel, they seemed contented Enough. There was no competition—all the business had to come to them Anyway.

And the Steward grew more Important every week. He was Geo. C. Boldt, Geo. Augustus Sala, and a few other people all rolled into one. Some other steward wrote to him that it would be a good idea to exchange menus, but he would not do so. He saw at once that they wanted to steal some of his



Ideas, and he continued to use a menu that was like a Directory of the Animal and Vegetable kingdoms.

One day, a representative of a Hotel Paper passed through his town and called on him. He would not subscribe for the paper or buy any books, because he said that any steward who needed books to help him in his business ought to be sent back to School. The Representative told him that in the paper he would keep in touch with all the latest Customs and Innovations. But the steward would not be convinced, though he said that he felt quite kindly toward the publishers, and if they liked he would give them his Photograph and Biography.

Some Hotel men travel to other towns to see different houses, but this steward could not do so—he knew that the place would stop Running if he went away.

Now it happened that one day a new hotel was opened quite close to the Fossil, and its manager, who had had experience, engaged a steward who was thoroughly up to Snuff, and a chef who was as Smart as they Make them. And the commercial travelers sighed with Relief and scribbled their names in the New Register, and the dining room of the Fossil had the appearance of a New York office building after Six o'clock.

The Moral of this fable is plain to any who may *seek it*.

## A DREAM.

Brown had just had a remarkable Dream. It had made a deep Impression on him, so you may know that it was Something Out of the Ordinary, for Brown was not easily Impressed by Anything. He was quite a Clever Fellow in a way, but he had two bad sets of Principles. He held the Ridiculous Belief that so many people hold, that it Doesn't Pay to Work, that the Ones who do least get on Best, and also the Foolish Idea that one must be Slick and Smart and perhaps even Crooked to succeed. The consequence was that he had not been much of a success; he had held a number of good positions, but none of them for very long.

Well, in this Dream a Genuine Old-fashioned Fairy had come to him and told him that, other things being equal, the man who Wins Out to-day is the man who Labors Hard (though not necessarily with his Hands) and whose Integrity is such that he can be trusted under Any Circumstances. "Do That," the Fairy had concluded, "and Be That, and I will make you Rich." Then a dog Barked and the Fairy disappeared.

Brown felt Queer about that Dream, and when he happened to meet Johnson next morning he narrated it all to him. Johnson was another Clever Fellow

but he was just like Brown, and he hadn't succeeded either. "There!" exclaimed Brown, as he finished his story, "how's that for a dream?"

Johnson didn't answer for a moment. He sat very still and stared hard at his companion. "Dream?" he repeated at last. "That's no dream, Brown—it's the Truth. I see it now—we've both been on the Wrong Track. Shirking and this Slick Business don't pay after all—that's why so many fellows who don't know as much as we do have got ahead of us. I tell you what, though—if you're with me on this thing—let's turn over a new leaf with the new year, and just Pitch in and Work for all we're worth, and play a Straight Game right the way through—and we'll beat some of these fellows yet!"

And very probably they will.







## POEMS OF "GOOD CHEER."

---

Then and Now.....	51
He Wanted Pearls with Oysters.....	54
"We're Twenty-One To-night".....	57
The Clever Cashier.....	60
There's No Disputing Taste.....	62
"Jess Put Some Whiskey in".....	64
He Had No Time to Eat.....	66
Doctor Jones, Bartender.....	68
A Waiter's Mission.....	71
The Lobster.....	73
A Piece of Bread and 'Lasses.....	75
Sad Fate of the "Hot 'Nuff Man".....	77
She Wanted Her Own Way.....	77
"Drat the Fly".....	78
The Uncrowned King—The Chef.....	80
Herr Rothschild, Here's to You.....	82
Toast to a Good Fellow.....	83
America Sends Greetings.....	85
The Drink Most Called For.....	86



THEN AND NOW.

When eighteen hundred started  
Hotels there were, they say,  
But oh, so vastly different  
From those we have to-day.

Of wood they were made mostly,  
Insurance rates were high,  
And if they got a-blazing—  
The guest—sweet bye-and-bye.

But now they are built fire-proof;  
When folks at night retire  
They don't wake up a-trembling  
With fear it is on fire.

Then buildings dimly lighted  
By candle's feeble ray;  
Electric lights a-gleaming  
Make night now seem like day.

Then rooms were poorly heated,  
With smoky pine knot fire,  
Which, while one's back was freezing,  
Would make his face perspire.



But now, a day in winter  
Doth much like summer seem,  
Oh, marvelous contrivance  
To heat a room by steam!

Beds then were made of feathers,  
And heaped so high with quilts  
That guests upon retiring  
Were said to put on stilts.

Folks now use low brass bedsteads,  
On mattresses recline,  
Which are so comfortable,  
'Tis hard to rise 'fore nine.

In olden times guests clambered  
Up many flights of stairs,  
Perspiring, grunting, panting,  
'Twas just so everywhere.

To-day fast elevators  
Take one to any floor,  
And in a jiffy land him  
Right at his bedroom door.

If mine host set a table  
The same as that of yore,  
He couldn't keep his patrons—  
They'd visit him no more.

They used to be contented  
With anything they got;  
Now hot-house things in winter,  
And cold ones when 'tis hot.

In olden days the landlord  
You'd find in the cafe—  
He made it his headquarters,  
There passed his time away.

And won the title "genial"  
By setting up the drinks,  
And telling funny stories,  
And risque ones, methinks.

Now he's no story teller,  
He has no time for that;  
It takes him every moment  
To get his business pat.

He's late and early planning  
More comfort for his guests,  
Anticipates their wishes  
And heeds, too, their requests.

That's why folks patronize, now,  
The up-to-date hotel;  
In no place in this world, sirs,  
Can they live half so well!

## HE WANTED PEARLS WITH OYSTERS.

He kicked about his oysters  
And said they were no good;  
He didn't like such treatment,  
He wanted understood.  
When asked what was the matter,  
Said this ill-natured churl,  
"I don't see any reason  
Why I didn't get a pearl."

He was unreasonable,  
You will agree with me.  
But there are lots of others  
Who're just as bad as he.  
They're known to every landlord,  
And hated by him, too;  
That you may know them likewise,  
I'll mention just a few.

The would-be early riser,  
Who leaves a "hurry call"—  
When summoned by the porter,  
He won't get up at all.  
At nine comes down a-kicking,  
And swears the clerk forgot  
To have him called as ordered,  
And more such tommyrot.

The guests who want their beefsteaks—  
And double sirloins too—  
Brought quick upon the table  
And cooked well through and through  
And who in just six minutes  
Are calling for their steaks,  
And kicking with the waiters  
Because so long it takes.

And there's the chronic growler  
Who claims the food is bad,  
Not fit for decent people—  
The worst he ever had;  
Who never in his travels  
Was served such rotten stuff—  
Yet keeps on eating as if  
He couldn't get enough.

The guests who make the bellboys  
Run on their needless calls;  
The man who will at midnight  
Go singing through the halls;  
The gent who gets insulted  
When he his board must pay;  
The free lunch fiend—one lager—  
That's what he buys all day.

From this enumeration  
You can infer quite well

It is not quite all pleasure  
In running a hotel;  
And that the "jolly landlord"  
From what I have made known,  
Just like the rest of mortals,  
Has troubles of his own.

His guests want pearls with oysters—  
Two dollars' worth for one;  
Want humored their caprices  
As other hosts have done.  
And yet folks often wonder  
He don't amass great wealth.  
The truth is—it's a secret—  
He's in it for his health.

WE'RE TWENTY-ONE TO-NIGHT.

To the Hotel Association of New York City on Their Twenty-first Annual Banquet, January 11, 1900.

The occasion was as delightful as these annual feasts always are, but the verses following ring in one's ears to-day with much of pathos, for several of those whose names are mentioned have since left us to journey into the Great Beyond.

Now landlord start the music,  
And turn on ev'ry light,  
And make this place resplendent—  
We're twenty-one to-night!

And friends who've been invited  
This evening here to sup,  
Don't be the least bit backward,  
But help us "Whoop her up."

If we seem somewhat noisy  
And just a trifle gay,  
You'll pardon our exub'rance—  
We've come of age to-day.

Here waiters! bring the grub on  
And serve it smoking hot  
And then in front of each one  
Just place a nice cold "bot."

But ere proceeding further  
I'll introduce the boys  
To those who may not know them;  
But first please stop your noise.

Here's Breslin of the Gilsey—  
But come, who don't know "Jim"?  
At repartee, handshaking,  
We've none to equal him.

And Ashman, dear old Ashman,  
A reg'lar thoroughbred  
Fine company, well liked,  
A good hand at——'nuff said.

And this is Uncle Horace;  
The slickest of the slick;  
But one thing I have noticed—  
His friends close to him stick.

That's Foster who together  
The wolves and sheep can seat  
In manner so artistic  
You'll never hear a bleat.

Next Merrifield, born ruler—  
You can rely on that;  
Why, if he took the notion  
He'd thrive on anti-fat.

G. Baumann of the Holland;  
An ideal boniface  
Who's justly celebrated—  
A credit to our race.

*Sim Ford*; excuse my laughter  
You'll hear him by and by;

As reads the champagne label  
His jokes are "Extra Dry."

Boldt of the Waldorf-hyphen  
Who may in truth stand pat;  
So high he raised the ante  
We wonder where we're at.

You must know Libby, Darling,  
L. Frenkel, Leland, Todd,  
Pres. Whitaker and Allen,  
Who each have made their wad.

Hawk, Wetherbee, the Hammonds  
And Barry of St. Cloud;  
Jaques, Vilas, Sherry, Wildey  
And others not a few.

But why continue further,  
The wine is growing warm;  
To speak of one's own virtues  
Is not the best of form.

The introduction's ended—  
But wait a second more  
I want to give this toast, sirs,  
Before I leave the floor:

"Success to this our order;  
And till life's work is done  
May we ne'er be less happy  
Than when just twenty-one."



## THE CLEVER CASHIER.

Oh, yes, the food is good enough;  
The service fair I find;  
But that is not the reason why  
This place is to my mind.  
The real attraction's something else,  
That draws me daily here;  
There's no use, Tom, denying it,  
The magnet's the cashier!

Since I've known her it costs me more  
To dine than e'er before;  
I order like a Vanderbilt,  
Who money has galore;  
And that is why her friendship is  
To me so very dear—  
I can't act like some poor-paid clerk  
When paying the cashier!

I am, though, not the only one  
Who tries to win her grace;  
She knows it, too, but with rare tact  
Keeps each one in his place;  
At compliments she only smiles,  
*Or feigns she does not hear;*  
*In truth, she knows her little book,*  
*This business-like cashier.*

A cheery word for every one  
Ere he goes on his way;  
And ne'er forgets a "Thank you, sir,"  
As one his check doth pay;  
Thus not a little doth she add  
Unto the worldly gear,  
Of him who keeps the restaurant,  
Ah, great is the cashier!

## THERE'S NO DISPUTING TASTE.

One may discuss religion  
At any length he will,  
On politics may argue  
Until he's had his fill,  
But when it comes to dining,  
Don't ever be in haste  
To order for another;  
There's no disputing taste.

The man who's fond of corned beef  
And wants some cabbage, too,  
He is indeed quite likely  
Most fond of Irish stew.  
When asking him to dinner,  
His tastes just bear in mind.  
On such a one is wasted  
All tidbits, you will find.

But when you ask a gourmet  
Unto your house to dine,  
Be sure and have your viands  
The finest of the fine.  
Bring forth your choicest vintage,  
It's time it saw the light;  
'Tis but a fitting honor  
That's due your guest to-night.

Our Jewish friends the porker  
Declare is vile, unclean,  
Should never on our tables  
In any form be seen.  
He who eats ham and bacon  
And lauds it to the skies,  
He has, the man who does not,  
No right to criticise.

The Frenchman snails adoreth,  
Eats them from morn till night,  
Americans detest them;  
Come say, now, who is right?  
The Chinaman claims puppies  
Make daintiest of food;  
To contradict him flatly,  
To say the least is rude.

The Esquimaux likes blubber—  
He'd give his wealth for that—  
Why should I e'er berate him  
Because I don't like fat?  
Each one unto his taste, then,  
Though argue as you will,  
You can't change his opinion—  
He'll eat that same dish still.

## JESS PUT SOME WHISKEY IN.

"I will not touch plain water,"  
Said little Robbie Reed;  
"It is not good for drinking,  
For it is vile indeed.

"It is chock full of mikrobes  
And other wigglin' things.  
If taken in the system,  
Disease it often brings.

"My teacher showed 'em to me  
With her small mikerscope—  
Gee whiz! but wuzn't they orful,  
And thick, too, es ur rope.

"They kept the water bilin'  
As if it wuz alive!  
Just think in one small atom  
A thousan' mikrobes thrive.

"'S'pose water's good to bathe in,  
Good for the ships at sea;  
But drink it—goodness gracious,  
What do you think I be?

"Now in the poorest whiskey  
The wrigglers all is dead;  
The alcohol it kills 'em,  
In it they can't be fed.

"So, if you would be healthy,  
And not grow lean and thin,  
Whenever you drink water,  
Jess put some whiskey in."

## HE HAD NO TIME TO EAT.

He had no time to eat, he said,  
He was a busy man,  
The moments saved from lunch  
Gave him more time to plan.

But when he reached the prime of life,  
And had piled up great wealth,  
And wanted to enjoy himself,  
He found he'd lost his health.

His stomach had become worn out;  
By pain he was distressed,  
With liver torpid, throbbing head,  
He got but little rest.

Then to himself he sadly cried,  
What now would I not give  
If I had learned when I was young  
How properly to live.

What good is fortune, pray, or fame,  
To him who's racked with pain,  
If one cannot enjoy success,  
It has been gained in vain.

The poor man eats whate'er he will,  
*With him* all things agree;

I who could buy the best there is  
Must live most frugally.

"You musn't eat this," "You shouldn't touch that."  
I hear from morn till night.  
What consolation can it be  
To know it serves me right!

To those whose habits are not fixed,  
A word of warning, pray,  
Take time to eat, chew well your food,  
Let naught stand in its way.

And when the dining hour comes round  
Drop all your work at once,  
The man who would do otherwise  
Must surely be a dunce.

Be careful whom you take to dine,  
A merry friend's the best;  
A hearty laugh's a medicine  
That helps your meal digest.

Eschew, too, rich and spicy foods  
That cooks love to prepare,  
And indigestion thus escape  
By just a little care.

Who'll follow those instructions close  
And put them to the test,  
He'll find he'll not for years to come  
Be numbered with the blest.



## DOCTOR JONES, BARTENDER.

"We want a drink, bartender,  
But don't know what to take;  
What would you recommend, sir,  
Good for the stomach's sake?"

Then up spake the bartender;  
A skillful man was he,  
The art of mixing liquors  
He knew from A to Z.

And he had studied closely  
Each drink's good properties,  
Found them a panacea  
For man's infirmities.

"Well," said our friend, the barkeep,  
"I'll mention just a few  
Of our choice beverages;  
Choose then what best suits you.

"A headache is your trouble,  
Been out late with the boys;  
Your nerves a bit unsteady,  
And ev'rything annoys?"

"Come, make a frank confession,  
And tell me what is what:  
I'll make then a concoction  
To surely touch the spot.

"Your stomach's out of order?  
Take brandy in your milk;  
'Twill straighten out your troubles,  
You'll feel as fine as silk.

"You want exhilaration?  
A bottle of champagne  
Will liven up your spirits  
And make you young again.

"A cocktail as a bracer,  
Some folks I know prescribe;  
Straight goods, though, is my hobby,  
On them folks longer thrive.

"If you've that tired feeling  
And all your bones doth ache,  
And of this world you're weary,  
Quinine and whisky take.

"If bothered with your kidneys,  
Just try a little gin;  
*Drink Rhine wine* if too fleshy,  
*Wurzberger* if too thin.

"If you have indigestion  
And loss of appetite,  
Take claret with your dinner,  
And chew well ev'ry bite.

"*Whatever* be the matter,  
If you boys come to me,"  
Said Doctor Jones, bartender,  
"I'll cure you and—no fee.

"But if you are 'just thirsty,'  
We've 'long drinks' by the score;  
Mint juleps, rickies, fizzes,  
And highballs, too, galore.

"——Now, gents, what is your pleasure?  
Please mention it by name."  
The guest said, "I'll take whisky."  
His friend said, "Gim'me the same."

A WAITER'S MISSION.

A *Napkin* makes the waiter,  
No more than pots, a cook;  
And one is not a student  
Because he reads a book!  
A man may carry dishes  
Perhaps a month or two,  
But don't call him "a waiter,"  
As some are apt to do.

To simply fill an order  
In a half listless way,  
And render service only  
Because it brings in pay,  
Don't dignify the calling  
And add to its renown,  
Nor elevate its standard,  
But helps to drag it down.

Pick out some first-class waiter,  
I'll tell you what you'll find:  
A man of keen perception,  
One with an active mind,  
Who reads a guest like magic  
And tells quick as a flash  
If he will call for sweetbreads  
Or make his order "hash."

Now if this self-same waiter  
Had learned some other trade,  
No matter what the business  
I know his mark he'd made.  
His tact and perseverance  
Would win in any sphere,  
I care not who employs him,  
His services are dear.

What shall we say of waiting  
Is it not then an art,  
Where one to be successful  
Must work with all his heart,  
And feel his highest mission  
To make his guests *all* say  
On rising from the table  
"In truth, we've dined to-day."

THE LOBSTER.

They tell me that the lobster  
Is going fast;  
He'll soon rank with the dodo  
Of times long past.

But ere he shall have left us  
Eat him, I say.  
What care we for the future?  
He's here to-day.

No better thing the ocean  
Has e'er produced;  
And he has made a hit, too,  
Since introduced.

Society adores him  
And takes him up;  
He's quite sure to be present  
Whene'er it sup.

A culinary poem—  
A dream—is he,  
Which may turn to a nightmare  
Occasion'ly.

No matter how they dress him,  
He is in style.  
To be acquainted with him  
Is worth one's while.

Some serve him à la Newburg—  
A dish divine—  
That gets its dainty flavor  
By adding wine.

But when I call for lobster  
Broil him for me;  
Ye gods, but he's delicious,  
Cooked properly.

Now split him through the center  
And crack him well;  
I would not leave a morsel  
Within his shell.

No sauce I want upon him,  
Or other stuff;  
Just as Dame Nature made him  
He's good enough.

A PIECE OF BREAD AND 'LASSES.

A gourmet folks oft say I am,  
That is so in a measure,  
The eating of some tasty dish  
Has ever been my pleasure;  
Yet, of the viands I've enjoyed  
There's not one that surpasses  
That dainty of my childhood days,  
A piece of bread and 'lasses.

The recipe for making it  
I'll now proceed to utter;  
Cut thick your bread and thereon spread  
A lot of your best butter;  
Then as a crowning act pour on  
New Orleans molasses;  
A dish fit e'en for gods you have,  
A piece of bread and 'lasses.

When I was young it seemed to me  
An ideal combination;  
And as a fact I've never found



*Poems of "Good Cheer."*

Its equal in creation.

My mother gave it to me when  
I stood well in my classes;

She punished me when'er she said  
"You get no bread and 'lasses."

One needs no plate, no knife or fork;  
Just let him use his fingers;

And, ah, the rapture that he feels  
As o'er the bread he lingers!

Though face be smeared and clothes stuck up,  
This by no means harasses

The boy who's got his heart's desire,  
A piece of bread and 'lasses.

Oh, that I could partake to-day  
Of food that's set before me,

With half the zest I did that dish—  
A wish that oft comes o'er me.

Return again those happy days—  
No wealth that one amasses

Can pleasure give as one time did  
A piece of bread and 'lasses.

SAD FATE OF THE "HOT 'NUFF MAN."

(A tragedy of the "Good Old Summer Time.")

They punched him, they kicked him,  
And with him mopped the floor;  
They scratched him and hit him—  
For luck did it once more;  
And brickbats, stones, clubs, too,  
With deadly aim they threw,  
And killed him who dared say,  
"Is it hot 'nuff for you?"

Now 'neath the sod lies he,  
He only got his due;  
His epitaph is brief:  
"Is it hot 'nuff for you?"

---

SHE WANTED HER OWN WAY.

Said the cook to Kate, the upstairs girl,  
"Wot did the Missus say,  
Did she want me quick to pack me things,  
Or beg me now to stay?"

"If she says to quit, begobs, I won't;  
For I've come here to stay,  
If she says 'Don't go,' I'm off at wunst;  
I'm bound to have me way."

## DRAT THE FLY.

(To be read only during the months of July and August.)

The time of year  
This surely is  
When pesky flies  
Are out for biz.

The first warm day  
Brought them about;  
Nought but the cold  
Will knock them out.

No friends they have,  
I've ever found;  
The devil's own  
They are, I'm bound.

Their buz, buz, buz,  
Drives folks most mad;  
Makes bad men worse  
And good men bad.

Screens, no avail,  
But a pretense;  
Fly paper, traps,  
But an expense.

Where'er we are  
They score a point;  
They dine with us  
From soup to joint.

Drat them, I say!  
The more one tries  
To keep them out  
The more the flies.

Ubiquitous!  
E'en while I write  
Upon my pen  
One did alight.

Unbidden guest!  
We do detest  
Your company;  
Get out, you pest!

918-09

## THE UNCROWNED KING—THE CHEF

Written on the occasion of the 31st annual ball  
Société Culinaire Philanthropique, New York.

Let those who will praise royalty,  
And on their virtues dwell;  
I have in mind an uncrowned king  
And you all know him well.

No diadem of priceless worth  
He wears upon his head,  
But still how dignified is he  
With snow-white cap instead.

His rule is just as absolute  
As that of Britain's queen,  
His subjects are as loyal, true—  
More faithful ones ne'er seen.

His kingdom in the kitchen lies,  
And there he reigns in state;  
None in the land ranks higher than  
The chef that's up to date.

\* \* \* \* \*

A skillful chef saves doctor's bills,  
His cooking gives delight;  
When one has had a dainty meal,  
His burdens, toils grow light.

The world then seems not half so bad,  
"There's worse," one will aver;  
This change of heart's due to the chef.  
In that all must concur.

Appreciating full his worth,  
We have come here to-night  
And gladly to him homage pay,  
It is his due and right.

Now all stand up. Your glasses fill,  
And each drink deep this toast—  
Prosperity unto these chefs  
Who are to-night our host.

Success to their Society  
We wish with all our heart,  
May it continue to advance  
The culinary art.

**HERR ROTHSCHILD, HERE'S TO YOU.**

Suggested by a dinner to Mr. S. Rothschild, the well-known N. Y. merchant, on the occasion of his 72d birthday (March 9, 1902).

Give me a man who's old but young,  
Who bids e'en time defiance,  
Who careth naught for fortune's frown—  
Who is his own reliance.

A man who thinks the world not bad—  
With faith still in his fellows,  
Whom age affects but as a wine  
That's better as it mellows.

One who, no matter what turns up,  
Gets out of life what's in it;  
Within whose heart naught mean can lodge  
For e'en a single minute.

In business he's made his mark,  
Heaped wealth up in full measure;  
But ask him what he prizes most—  
"My friends—my dearest treasure!"

It's fitting then to fill each glass  
And drink this salutation—  
"Herr Rothschild, here's success, long life,  
And naught of lamentation."

And may we all for years to come  
Meet here around this table,  
And drink your health, as we have done,  
As long as we are able.

**Hoch! Herr Rothschild,**

TOAST TO A GOOD FELLOW.

Given at a banquet to Mr. W. S. Hurley, Vice-President of  
the Borough Bank of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Good food and wine warm up the heart  
And set the blood in motion,  
And make the world seem better far—  
According to my notion.

We've ordered, Sirs, the best of both—  
As merits the occasion;  
You've done your duty by them too  
And needed no persuasion.

Now while we feel the world's all right,  
Perchance, a little mellow—  
I want you all to drink a toast  
Unto a right good fellow.

A man whose friendship we esteem—  
In truth, who can it measure!  
Whose fellowship has ever been  
And is our constant pleasure.

A man whose money, time and self  
Are ever at our beckon;



Make known your needs—response is quick—  
On that it's safe to reckon.

No wonder then we give this toast,  
Our hearts and souls are in it;  
I see too by your beaming eyes  
You're anxious to begin it.

Friend Hurley, here's long life, good health—  
May you know naught of sorrow;  
And get your pay for goods deeds done,  
To-day and not to-morrow.

Now every one lift high his glass,  
Here's to "the finest ever,"  
For if you search the whole world through,  
His peer you will find never.

## AMERICA SENDS GREETINGS.

Suggested by a banquet given to commemorate the 21st anniversary of the arrival in England of Mr. Charles Herman Senn, the well-known chef and culinary author and editor of "Food and Cookery."

Of books there are a plenty,  
How many, though, endure?  
There's not one in a thousand  
Whose future is secure.

But while our tongue be spoken,  
The name—C. Herman Senn,  
Will e'er be wreathed in laurels,  
Fit tribute to his pen.

His chosen topic—cooking—  
To throw thereon more light,  
Has been his constant study  
From morn till late at night.

Thus won he reputation,  
As fourteen books attest,  
'Mong culinary authors,  
His rank is with the best.

And praiseworthy peasant,  
Alike in name and reverend,  
He's rightly won his title,  
"Apostle of good cheer."

For twenty-one years delved he  
In culinary lore;

And let us now all wish him  
Another twenty more.

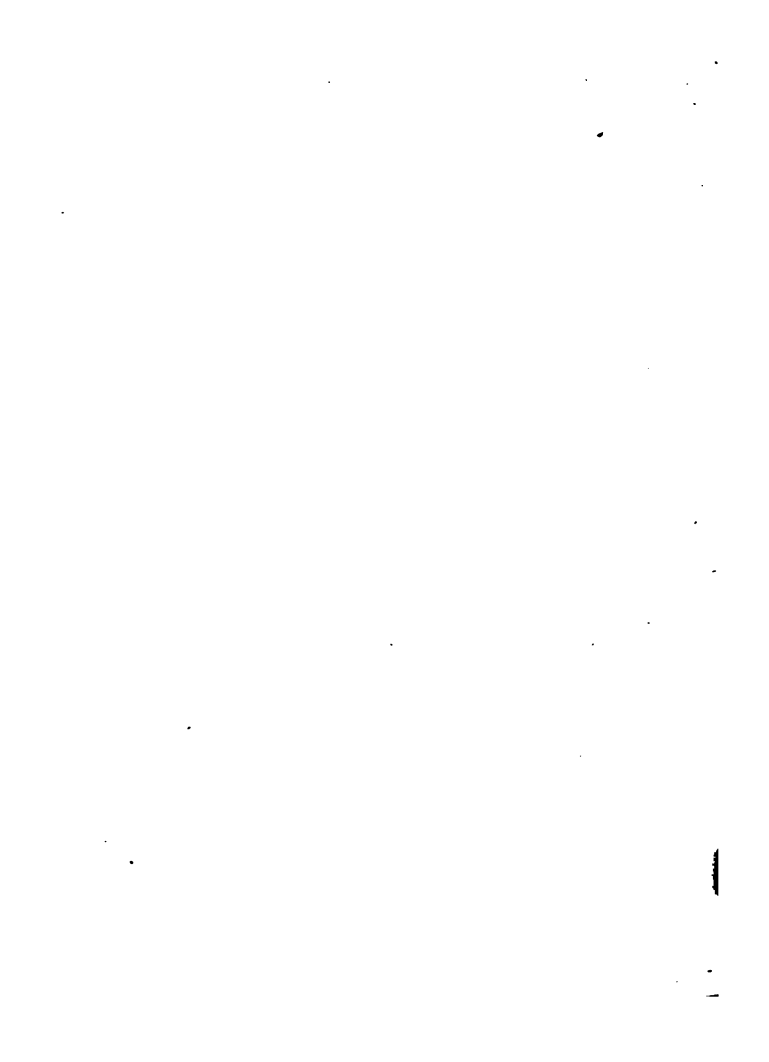
America sends greetings  
To your illustrious host,  
His fame has crossed the waters,  
That's why we give this toast.

A credit to his calling,  
May he in health abide,  
May naught of ill befall him,  
And naught but good betide.

---

#### THE DRINK MOST CALLED FOR.

Pray ask of any barkeep'  
What's the most called for drink?  
He'll give you quick an answer,  
But not just what you'd think;  
It will not be plain whiskey,  
Champagne or wine or beer,  
Or some old-fashioned cocktail,  
That's famous far and near.  
No high fallutin' title,  
But simple is its name!  
*How many times you've heard it,*  
*Barkeep', give me "The Same."*



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